

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

How The Red Cross Organization In War-Torn France Feeds Starving Refugees and Clothes Little Tots.

(A Soldier's Mother in France—Rheta Childe Dorr.)

John Smith, of Harlem, gave \$5 to the Red Cross during the last drive. It was a big sum for a man with his responsibilities and a small income to part with, but John gave the money, and all over the country men like him, women, too, and children gave what they could to help the wounded and the desolated across the seas.

I want to tell John and others how their money is being spent, and I shall ask them first to go with me to a huge basement room of the Gare du Nord, the big north station of Paris. The room was taken over by the American Red Cross at the beginning of the spring offensive, March 21, and here for days and nights, terrible days, sinister nights, a stream of refugees from the invaded districts poured in and out, coming by train from Soissons, Compiègne, Montdidier Albert, and from dozens of little villages and farms between Laon and Amiens.

The Red Cross fed and clothed and refreshed these refugees in that basement, loaded them on big motor trucks and took them across the city to the Orleans or the Quai l'Orsay stations and saw them off to the sheltered south.

All of your money, you fortunate, generous, tender hearted givers. We who were over there in those first desperate days of spring had the privilege only of helping the Red Cross take care of the stricken men, women and children who had fled before the German hordes for the second time since the war began.

Vividly before me I see that great basement room, the only kind of a place that is half way safe in Paris these days. It is night, or rather it is early morning, nearly 2 o'clock and I have spent every minute of the time since 9 o'clock fitting shoes, your gift, to refugee children.

When I went on duty early in the evening there were five or six babies standing at the counter, over the edge of which their little white, dirty, tired faces were barely visible, and their round black eyes were fixed enviously on a huge pile of shoes waiting to be distributed.

I picked up the smallest babe, a little boy of 4, and asked him if he needed shoes. "Oui, madame," he did, and stockings too for his feet were littered on the ground. I grabbed a bunch of stockings, found the right size, and explored the pile of shoes until that infant was fitted, and then I attended to the rest, for every child needed both shoes and stockings.

So, it appeared to me that night, did almost every child in France. They came on and on, some in their mothers arms, some toddling along some leading other children. I worked steadily, with only a pause now and then when a new trainload came in and were fed.

The shoes were new and they rubbed off, and soon my hands and face and big gingham apron were all streaked and spotted with black. I was almost as dirty

OUR BOYS "WITH THE COLORS"

"Jim" Draper, Gunner on Transport, Tells of Swallowing Subs as Casual Incident—Trip Across Atlantic Rough and Stormy.

The following letter from Jim Draper a former Gainesboro boy will be read with interest by his many friends here. The letter is taken from the Chattanooga News.

"Believe me, those Germans have a wholesome respect for our torpedo boats," writes James Draper, of Chattanooga, in a letter recently received by his family. The well-known Chattanooga boy has just recently arrived in American waters from a trip overseas. He enlisted in the navy several months ago and was assigned to the gunner's crew of a transport. The interesting letter follows in part:

An Atlantic Port, June 5, 1918. Dear Folks—You probably have my telegram by this time announcing my arrival in American waters. I sent it night before last, and intended to follow it up the next day with a letter, but was unable to do so on account of having to leave port unexpectedly. I am looking forward to shore liberty to-night, however, and in case I get it, will get this off to you.

Had a great trip about which I will tell you when I get home. I expect to see you some time this month, but can't say for sure, since no furloughs have been granted to anyone yet. At any rate, we shall be in the states no less than two months, and feel sure I'll get down there before the time is up.

The trip over was very rough. A big storm started the third day out and lasted until within three days of Brest. We lost nearly all of the life boats when the heavy seas slammed the old ship. Never saw such a time in my life. We left with thirty other ships, but the storm blew them all over the Atlantic, and for ten days we were alone in the sea with our wireless busted until a British cruiser ran across us and set us on the right road again.

Two days out from Brest, while in the Bay of Biscay, we were attacked by three submarines. The convoying destroyers which had just met us got one of them but the other two got away after sinking the guide ship a Britisher. We didn't get to fire a shot, because we were right in the middle of the fleet and destroyers were buzzing all around us, some of them around forty miles an hour. Believe me, those Germans have a wholesome respect for our torpedo boats.

We landed at Brest, France, March 21, having left Newport News on Feb. 27. Stayed one day in Brest, then down the coast to Bordeaux, staying one day at La Pallace, and one at Belle Isle. At the last place had engine trouble and drifted in the sea about twenty-four hours, but nothing happened. A few hours after we left, however, an American convoy of troop ships was attacked by seven subs. They got three of the subs without damage to themselves and ran the others away.

We landed at Pauillac, at the mouth of the Garonne river, on the 25th where we stayed a month discharging cargo. Then we went to Bordeaux for three weeks. Bordeaux is a town of the size of New Orleans, and I

had the time of my life while there. Those Frenchmen seem not to be bothered about the war and go on enjoying themselves. It is said that there are thirty nationalities of soldiers there, everything from the Senegalese to the Buddies (Americans). The first night ashore I met a boy with whom I worked in Utah. I saw troops from almost every state, but looked in vain for anyone else I knew. Met dozens from Fort Oglethorpe and Camp Gordon.

We left Bordeaux May 10 and got in here the first of this month. We were at sea the day the Germans raised Cain on this coast, but we saw nothing of them. Fritz and Heinie are brave but they are exceedingly careful. We have four guns, and I'll wager we'd give an earful if they gave us a chance. I am on one of the gun crews as first shellman, running a shift of three hours at the gun and nine hours off—six hours out of every twenty-four. The rest of the time I am the navigator's yeoman.

Received first mail night before last—just ninety letters.

Camp Pike, Ark.
June 12, 1918

Dear Editor:

I you will spare me a little space in your paper I will try to write you a few items from Camp Pike.

We arrived here all O. K. and many of us are feeling blue, myself with the rest of them. But we are getting more accustomed to camp life, and are getting lots better satisfied.

We have some good officers, but some of them are better than others. We are getting plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep on. I have been kitchen police two days since I have been here. I don't like that job much, but it could be worse.

We have been under quarantine ever since we arrived here and it continues for twenty days. I just as soon to be in jail almost as to be confined for we can't go anywhere that we want to. We have preaching every Thursday night. That suits me, if I could get to go, but I haven't been but once since I have been here, and that was the second night we were here.

Hello! Jackson county boys, there are lots of pretty girls here, but not like those at home. Cheer up boys and take good care of the girls. Wish I could be with you all, but we are in the army now and they need us more than we are needed at home. Make all you can and we boys will do our part.

If Arkansas was a mule Camp Pike would be its tail, ha! ha! It has rained nearly every day. Come on Meigsville let us hear from you.

We desire to thank the good people of Gainesboro and the Red Cross for the kindness they showed us on our departure. We assure them that they will not be forgotten soon.

Hello! dear friends of Gainesboro R. 2. All of you write to me.

If this escapes the waste basket I will come again.

Yours,
W. C. Whitaker,
Co. M. 345 Inf.

Camp Greenleaf Annex,
Chichamauga Park, Ga.
June 12, 1918.

Dear Editor:

If you will allow me space in

your paper will write a few lines.

I am a Jackson county boy, was drafted into service April 27. Was sent to Camp Jackson and transferred to Camp Greenleaf. Like this camp fine. It is located near Chichamauga Park, and the scenery here is grand. We were on the train about two days, and when we arrived here a number of the boys had the blues, myself being one of the number, but when we all got out in our company we were all right.

Of course we would rather be at home with our loved ones, but we are here to do our bit. I hope we will all return to our loved ones when this great crisis is over.

I have learned lots since I have been here, having worked at almost everything. It will sure make a man out of any young man.

Don't know when we will sail across, but we are very anxious to go over and give Kaiser Bill a pill.

We have all kind of sport here. We play base ball, tennis and other kind of games.

We boys have answered the call of our country, which we know to be right, and whose standard is the standard of freedom and not of force of might.

We are proud of the flag that has never trailed in the dust, a flag the emblem of purity and not of passion, or lust.

Respectfully,
Bedford Bilbery,
Motor Co. No. 12.

Camp Pike, Ark.
June 15, 1918.

Dear Editor:

I am glad that I am a Jackson county boy in the service of my country, and have this opportunity to write to the Sentinel and tell my friends something about camp life as I have seen it.

Camp life isn't as blue with me as it has been. We have been in quarantine all but two days since we arrived here. The vaccination treated us ruff, and several boys are in the hospital. Ike Savage has been there all but two days. I had a letter from him today and he is better.

There are several other Jackson boys here in the barracks with me. I understand we are to move to another barrack tomorrow about one mile from here, but the same address I believe.

My chum here is Eugene Chaffin. I never know him until we met on the train coming done here. He lives on Gainesboro R-1, and is a true christian boy.

We have some here that don't care for anything. We should read and do that which is right and work for the Lord. The time will come when it will be too late, the gate will be closed and many will be shut out in the dark.

I have just received two letters from friends in Jackson county, and they filled my heart with joy and gladness. One was from Luther Mayton who has been in the army and knows something about it. The other letter was from Gracie Hall. You don't know how good I feel when I receive such excellent letters.

There are two things I am glad I had worked at before I came to the army. There are the kitchen and cooking. I am now one of

cooks and am on duty every other day. My desire is to climb higher and become a head cook. After we serve for a certain time we will receive special instruction in cooking, after which we will be classed as first and second cooks and receive better pay. We cooks only drill forty-five minutes twice a week and we are off every other day. One bunch of boys work one day another bunch the next day.

I do not like to be away from my dear home, but I feel that God will bless me, that I may return to my dear wife that I left behind. This is a separation that we can't help, and you boys that have a father, mother or wife, that you can stay, I ask you to live a happy christian life, that when you separate, if it should be forever you will be prepared to meet in a better world than this. We all make mistakes, but they can be corrected. I have neglected to read my bible and conscience tells me that I should have done this.

I would like to hear from my friends in Big Bottom, Whitleyville, Hurricane, Meigsville and Gainesboro.

You boys in Jackson county who expect to be called to the army should learn how to wash, sweep, and do kitchen work. It will be of benefit to you in camp.

Before closing I desire to thank the good people of Gainesboro, and especially the Red Cross, for the kindness shown us at our departure. May we all meet again when peace comes to the world.

I would be glad if Mit Lovelady would send me Jordan's address. We were separated after arriving here and don't know his company's number. I would be glad to hear from him and other boys I know from whom I have been separated.

Monroe Richardson,
4th Trn. Regt.,
Inf. Repl. Camp,
Camp Pike, Ark.

Camp Greenleaf Annex,
Chichamauga Park, Ga.
June 12, 1918.

Jackson Co. Sentinel:

I have just finished reading the last issue of the Sentinel and it made me feel almost like I was at home. I noticed with interest what Jackson county did in the last Red Cross drive and you know it is great encouragement to the boys in service when they realize that the people back home are doing their part. So I believe that Jackson county people behind the lines deserve a service flag for what they are doing and will continue to do in this crisis.

I came to Camp Greenleaf from Camp Jackson the first of this month. This camp is situated in Chichamauga Park, and the scenery around camp is simply grand. It is just about eight miles from Chattanooga, Tenn. so it naturally appeals to a Tennessean.

I have been helping to instruct the boys that can't read and write and you would be surprised at the vast numbers who are lacking in this respect, but Uncle Sam has provided for this, so these boys in a few weeks will be writing home. Don't you know it will make some mother feel good when she receives a letter from her boy in his own handwriting, who heretofore could not write his name! This

ty as the refugees, but still the children demanded shoes.

They forgot that they had endured agonies of fear and horror, they forgot the roar of the shells in the village streets. They forgot the hunger and thirst and the deadly weariness of the flight; Their little stomachs were full, they were warm and safe, and they had new stockings and new shoes on their feet.

They had more for when my part was done other women took them in hand and gave them new shirts and gowns and the shiny black pinafores which every French child, boy as well as girl, looks upon as an indispensable article of dress. If you could have seen their smiles, heard their hisping words of gratitude, felt their warm little hand clasps, oh, you fortunate and generous givers, you would have been repaid a thousand, thousand times for your gift to the Red Cross.

Because the French rarely have large families, it must not be thought that they do not value children. They adore children, as a matter of fact, and their gratitude to the Red Cross for what was done for children during those days of flight and anguish was pathetic to see and hear.

Women came into the basement of the Gare du Nord in a condition of half nudity. When the storm burst they gathered up their babies, took what they could carry of household goods and treasures and simply fled. Much of what they carried was lost by the wayside. Their clothes were rags. Some of the rags were taken off by the mothers that the children might be kept alive, for the weather was cold and rainy. But when these poor women came into the Red Cross room their first thought was always for their babies.

"You have need of shoes yourself, madame," I said to more than one. She always answered "Yes, but le petit first."

When you saw a woman who would not eat, who cared not at all for the dew blouse or the new coat they offered her, who wept unceasingly or wore a look of wild misery like insanity, you knew that she had lost her children in the flight. That happened not unfrequently. Part of the money you gave the Red (continued to page 4)

is one of the many things that is being done through the Y. M. C. A. This alone speaks volumes for that organization.

You see each man is provided with a book, pencil and tablet, however it is different from other school work for you are teaching men and not children.

Well I am glad Jackson county is to have the Chautauqua again, for our people naturally need some recreation from the humdrum activities of everyday life, and the educational advantages of the Chautauqua are to be commended.

It naturally goes without saying that we would all rather be at home, but when we realize that these homes that we love are not secure until the Hun has been brought into subjection, we are not anxious to return until victory is ours. Then let us all as a free people fight on until we can stand shoulder to shoulder in the ranks not of war but of peace.

Thanking you for your indulgence.

I am most sincerely,
Joe C. Tinsley,
Motor Co. 12.